A REVIEW OF THE Affairs of *FRANCE*:

With Obſervations on TRANSACTIONS at Home.

Tueſday, November 13. 1705.

THE Author of this Paper having concluded all that he thought needful upon the Head of Peace, and, as he thought, taken leave of the Subject, and indeed of the Publick Affairs, had tranſmitted the laſt *Reviews* to the Preſs, before her Majeſty's Speech became Publick in the Country, where he is retir'd.

There remains nothing more on that Head, only in taking my leave of the Gentlemen of the High Church, I muſt tell them, that her Majeſty's Speech fills the whole Nation, with a juſt Rage at their Party, and a double Indignation at their Principle, that they ſhould do any thing to grieve and diſpleaſe their Sovereign, and that in Print they ſhould not be aſham'd to offer their ſcurrilous Suſpicions of her Majeſty's Steadineſs for the Church of *England*; under all the extraordinary Demonſtrations of a Piety and Zeal, they will find but few Princes in the World, either of that or any other Church, have imitated or may pretend to.

The Concern her Majeſty expreſſes, that any of her Subjects ſhould ſuſpect her Sincerity to the Church, has ſomething ſo moving in it, that no faithful Subject can reflect on it, without a more than ordinary Regret; Ages to come, who ſhall read all the Glorious Things that will be done for the Church and Kingdom in this Reign, will wonder what ſort of People they muſt be, who could be Maſters of ſo much Blindneſs, as not ſee; *or ſeeing*, could be ſo ungrateful, as not to acknowledge, not the Endeavour only, but the Succeſs of her Majeſty, in the Supporting and Eſtabliſhing the Church of *England*, above all the Heads of that Church that have gone before her.

And tho' neither the Author, nor this Paper, is qualified for Panegyrick, yet that I may *in my way* enter a little upon the Borders of that juſt Praiſe, which ſome abler

Pen may hereafter finish; I shall take the liberty to tell those Gentlemen, whom her Majesty has pointed out in her Speech, That her Majesty, in rescuing the Church of *England* from the High-flying Extravagances these People were driving her to, has actually made a second Reformation, and from the Bottom rebuilt the very Fabrick of the Church of *England*, restor'd her to be what her first Founders design'd she should be, a Foundation of Love, Charity; Faith towards God, and Good Will towards Men.

Her Majesty has restor'd the Christian Spirit to the Church of *England*, and Adorned her with those Trophies, which her Primitive Fathers were deservedly famous for, *viz*, Piety and Charity; and has laid before them that Pattern, which was so often recommended by our Saviour, of Meekness and Tenderness; bearing with the Infirmities and Blindness of others; by Gentleness, Kindness and Forbearance, bringing over the Heathen to the Knowledge of the Truth.

The Gentlemen we are talking to, seem to me like those of whom our Blessed Saviour said, *They knew not what Spirit they were of*; What strange Excesses were they driving the Church of *England* to! What Persecutions, what Coertions, what Robbing, Plunderings and Confusions, were they bringing upon the Church; making her the Agent of her own Destruction! How did their dangerous Experiment, a Womb big with Monsters to eat out the Bowells of the Churches Peace, embroil her with her own Members, and hurry her on to Strife, Contention, and every Evil Work?

Whether would Tackings, Memorials, and High Church Statesmen, have plunged the Church, if the happy Conduct of her Majesty, and her moderate Administration, had not prevented? How has the Royal Prudence discovered the Dark Lanthorn, and remov'd the Gunpowder plac'd under the very Foundation of the Church.

Will the Gentlemen on the other hand dispute with us? Will they put us to prove that they design'd to surrender this Garden of God, planted in *England* by the hand of Princes, and watered by the Blood of Martyrs, into the Hands of the Bears and the Lions of the Forest?

We have it plain under the Hand and Signals of High Church Authors, that they have given up this Church to Popery, *and that* French *Popery too*; which, as it must be circumstanc'd, must be the worst sort of Popery to us.

We have it under their hands, they have surrendred this Nation and the Protestant Religon to an Abdicated, Popish, Poison'd Race, from whom it has now Cost 14 Years War, and near 100 Millions Sterling to deliver us.

If any Man will say this is done only by Papists and Profes'd Enemies: I Answer, No; I am free to say, I'll produce Church-Authority, Church of *England* Champions, embrac'd by her blinded Clergy to do that Drugery they dare not do themselves. These blinded Wretches that pretend the Protestant Religion and the Church, Sacrifice both to the Superiour Vice of their Souls, *their Revenge*; that they might see themselves with the Foot set upon the Necks of their Brethren. Unthinking Wretches! that have not Souls to reflect how they look'd once, when Popery began to ride upon their Backs; and how yet more foolish they would look again, when their *Jure Divino* Doctrine should stare them in the Face, as their Passive Obedience did once before.

These are the Men that were labouring to reconcile us to *French* Popery, that we might the easier be reconcil'd to *French* Tyranny; and that the restoring the Abjur'd Race of a Popish King, might not be so great a Novelty, as otherwise they had reason to believe it would be in these Nations.

These are Churchmen! God bless us! What sort of Church Men must we call them? what *Latitudinarian* Mark shall we set upon them? They are such Churchmen, as the *Samaritans* were, who would always Claim Kindred of the *Jewish* Church, when she Prosper'd, but Disown any Relation to her, in her Adversity; these Call themselves Churchmen, like some who said they were Apostles, but were not, and were found Lyars; they are Thieves and Robbers, gotten into the Church, to Deface and Destroy her.

And who are they that raise the Cry against the Queen and the Bishops, and against

gainſt all the Men of Moderation among us, are they not theſe? Are they not thoſe, that Plead for the Doctrine of Succeſſion, *Jure Divino*, in Order to deny the Juſtice of the Preſent Settlement, the Queen's Right to the Crown, and the Proteſtant Succeſſion?

Are they not the ſame Men, that would carry our Church back to Popery, and Reconcile her to the *Gallican* Church of *Rome*? Is not Mr. *Leſley*, Author of the *Rehearſal*, in which he Defends the *Jus Divinum* of the Succeſſion, to be ſuperiour to Parlimentary Limitation? Is not the ſame Mercenary Author, of the *Regale* and *Pontificate*, in which he Laments that our Convocation, has not yet conſider'd, the eaſineſs of Reconciling the Church of *England*; and is not the ſame Author Hugg'd, Applauded, handed about, given *for God ſake*, by our Gentlemen of the Inferiour Clergy? do they not carry his Paper about, to Deſcant on, to Comment from, and Recommend him in all Company?

Do not the ſame Gentlemen Embrace the Memorial, place it next the Sacred Oracles, and Declare every *Engliſhman*, ought to get it by Heart? And are not theſe the Men, that Reproach Her Majeſty, with want of Zeal for the Church?

Wo be to the *Engliſh* Church, if ſhe is not reſcued from theſe People; *French* Popery, repeal'd Settlements, Abjurations Reabjur'd, Abdications reſtor'd, and Succeſſions unravelled, are the direct Tendency of all their Pretenſions; all the War muſt be Fought back again, the Revolution Unhing'd, the People Sworn back again, and the Nation return'd into that worſt of Confuſion, a Labyrinth, a Chaos of Popery, Tyranny, Sham Liberty, and entail'd Slavery, mix'd with Idolatry.

Good God, what has the Queen done! What Seas of Blood and Confuſion has her Majeſty ranſom'd this Nation from? What Chains, what Fetters, what black Badges of Bondage has ſhe broken and workt off from us, and all by the Invincible Power of Temper and Moderation?

What is the reaſon theſe Men Exclaim againſt Moderation, and pretend to Diſſect and Explain it? Why do they Rail at Moderation, Why object againſt what all the World Applauds; but becauſe it Dethrones their Politicks, Unhinges all their Meaſures, reſtores Nature, and Eſtabliſhes Truth in the Land; the High Gentlemen can have no Pretence againſt Moderation as ſuch, but then they would conſider it Conjunctively; but let it be how they pleaſe conſider'd, 'tis moſt certainly the Foundation Stone of our Common Safety; 'tis the Sheet Anchor of the Nation, 'tis the Weapon, with which Her Majeſty has entirely Overcome all her Enemies of the Church of *England*.

It would put a Man upon ſome odd Exceſſes, to think a Party of Men ſhould Exclaim againſt Moderation, ſhould Rail at their Sovereign, Bully their Neighbours, and at the ſame time, talk of the Church of *England*! The Church of *England* is in its Original quite of another Conſtitution, it was founded in Love, Charity, Meekneſs, and eaſie to be Entreated Principles; the Martyrs never Hector'd the Queen, or Reflected upon her turning out, or putting in her Servants; they never told their Sovereign, they would not bear thoſe things long, *or Nature would be rouz'd to Rebel againſt Principle*; How come the Sons of this Reformation to ſteer by another Compaſs, and live by another Rule? Theſe can be no Sons of the Church of *England*, but muſt be Hirelings, Pretenders, and Churchmen in Maſquerade; of ſuch, every Honeſt Man ought to beware, *by their Fruits ye ſhall know them*; they Cry *Peace, Peace*, when it is no Peace, and when they mean Deſtruction.

For theſe Gentlemen to pretend Zeal for the Church, 'tis all a Maſque, a Colour of Care for that Church, they really Attempt to Overthrow and Deſtroy; the Queen, has put the thing on a proper Teſt; Her Majeſty has Eſtabliſh'd the Proſperity of the Church, upon Party Peace, Reſtoration of Charity, and every Chriſtian Temper; *Other Foundation can no Man lay*, as to outward Eſtabliſhment; the Chriſtian Religion abhors all Coertions, Compulſions, and Oppreſſions, either of Conſcience, Liberty or Eſtate; and the Suppreſſing theſe Invaders of our Civil and Religious Liberty, is the True Foundation of all the Clamour of this Party.

Let ſuch Rail, till the Emptineſs of their Contrivance Jades their Fancies, and they come to a Rectitude of their Underſtandings; by

by the meer Iſſue of their own ways, convinc'd they were in the wrong, as well from the Impracticableneſs, as the Inſignificance of their Deſigns.

Let them blaſt with their Breath, all they think Oppoſe the Confuſions they would bring Affairs into; *the Curſe Cauſeleſs will not come*, the Opprobious Language they give, returns upon themſelves; they are Expoſed, Banter'd, Ridicul'd, and moſt juſtly Contemn'd, by all Good Men in the Nation.———

Let them wait a while, till the Iſſue Crowns all things; till Providence, bleſſing the Pious Endeavours of the Queen, and the juſt Meaſures of Her Majeſty's Council, the Church of *England* Triumphs over *French* Popery, Foreign Tyranny, and Domeſtick Fury; when the Proſperity of the Nation, fix'd in the Proſperity of Religion, Peace, Love, Charity, and every Good Work, ſhall prevail, and in ſpight of High Flying Principles and Parties, the Church of *England*, and all her Differing Brethren, ſhall be one Body of Catholick Chriſtians, diſtinguiſh'd only by the General Term of Proteſtant, United in Charity, as they are already in Doctrine, and joyn'd in one and the ſame Civil Intereſt.

Then 'twill appear who is, or is not for the Church of *England*; whether are her beſt Friends, and who beſt underſtands her Trueſt Intereſt; whether Heat, Fire, Rage, Striſe, Envy and Perſecution, were the proper ways to Uphold her, and to ſecure her Proſperity, or the ſtill Voice of Moderation; whether *Leſley*, the Interior Clergy, the Memorial, and all the High Flying Gentlemen of the Tack, are in the Intereſt of the Church, or whether the Queen, the Biſhops, the main body of the Nobility and Gentry, and thoſe that have moſt to loſe, have took Right Meaſures for the Reſtoring, Healing and Eſtabliſhing this Nation.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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